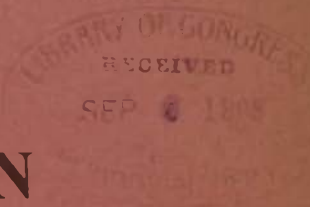


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The NEW MAN



A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Mastery of Sin, Disease
and Poverty through the Orderly Development of Fac-
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P. BRAUN, Editor.

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Living as a Fine Art.

A Series of Soul Culture Essays.

By H. H. Brown.

Inspiration. "The Gift of Wisdom."

(Continued from the August Number.)

The live and growing one gathers each day perceptions of Truth for himself. Therefore, Bibles, books, statues, paintings, songs and landscapes are for such a stimulus to inspiration,—are inspirers; vibrations from without awakening the latent faculties into action by causing a vibration, (called an emotion), in the soul which becomes ultimately translated into intellections and new thoughts pressing out; i. e. expressing themselves. New thoughts if pleasant, mean new life, health and happiness. Thus to keep well, we only need to be constantly inspired; "the breath of God, (inspiration) giveth life."

Thus everything without has its value as a cup with which to dip into the river of life for all we need. Buckets are they by which one may draw from the infinite well of the sub-conscious wisdom for every moment. Unconsciously all now draw; all may draw with choice and thus master Fate which is only the unconscious, instinctive action of the ego.

To know he is Ego, and to make this demand, is to receive and to become one with all Truth. "Ask and receive;" "knock and it shall be opened," has been said, "for every one that asketh receiveth and to him that knocketh it shall be opened;" and there is neither opening nor giving in any other manner. But the work is done in silence, by desire. The "I am" always responds to the auto-suggestion of desire, and to the prayer of Faith, for "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire," is only "Thy will be done." No one knoweth in the conscious manifestation of himself what is best. He must trust the sub-conscious knowledge by its manifestation, to guide him. All his duty is to direct by the auto-suggestion of love of Truth and sincere desire to do what is best, (and the best is always the right) to determine what that manifestation shall be. Hence it is scientific to trust implic-

itly, as it is religious so to trust the "God in whom we live and move and have our being."

The poet loves melody and that controls his life, and everything inspires his song. The musician loves harmony and that love gives tune to all nature. The flash of inspiration that reveals the machine to the inventor, is in answer to his prayer; the artist's statue is born from his dream. Each by desire gave themselves the suggestion, in response to which the fountain flowed. Desire is the angel that ever stirs the waters.

Thus is it that the poem writes itself. Says Longfellow of "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind, line by line but stanza by stanza. So is the novel written. Mrs. Stowe says: "I did not write *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. God wrote it!" Thackeray says of certain characters in one of his novels: "They married themselves." E. P. Roe says: "My stories have come with scarcely a volition on my part." And says W. W. Story, poet and sculptor: "The best things that come to us, come without our will. They are gifts from who knows where?" All these obey the same law the diamond and flower do—the law of crystallization, which is only the embodying forth of what is in Spirit from all eternity. What is sought for is found. Desire develops the ability of the conscious Ego to express what is asked for. Poems, statues, inventions, laws, states etc. are only Spirit materializations more wonderful than those reported at any seance.

The student seeks in books for answers to problems books answer not. They only tell what the author has found or collated, but they do not tell what today man needs. So he reads and in desire waits, and lo, the answer heaves from out the soul and he says; "An inspiration!" He said only, "Give in answer to prayer, O Infinite!" and Infinite Soul answered. "How do you find Truth?" was asked of a scientist. "By always intending my mind," was the reply.

All that mortals can do is by desire and thought; make conditions for Truth in the soul to flow. And since each has all Truth, there is nothing to ask for. "All is mine," is the affirmation of the Ego, and it can only demand of itself that it manifest what it desires.

"All mine is thine," the Sky-Soul says.
 "The wealth I am thou must become;
 Richer and richer breath by breath,
 Immortal gain immortal room."

Therefore all the "Me" has to do is, to use prodigally the wealth thus given. All that is needed is an "Awake thou" of affirmation to express all that is needed each day.

Since the knowledge to health and happiness is in the "I am" all that is necessary is to affirm possession and live thus by choice as the artist who carves his body into an Apollo and realizes the happiness of the saint and the success that brings satisfaction. For such is the purpose of the incarnation; to mold the external life into beauty and into joy. Health is therefore a perfect manifestation of Truth. To health each has a right, otherwise there would be no perfect manifestation. If one is not in health he lives below his opportunities. To have it, we must demand and expect. It is to let Truth have its way; to let inspiration flow. If health is not mine, in some way the current has been checked. What interference has been employed. Often lack of faith in Self. To have no faith in Self, is the unpardonable sin. In this lack of faith, I let my own possessions waste and I starve while trying to take from others. Mistrust of Self, mistrust of God within or somewhere; and worry and anxiety, (and these are forms of doubt and mistrust), lack of love for Truth or goodness, and a love for low ideals, possibly lying and deceit; all these come in to prevent the flow of Truth in the soul. All these must go out of the life, and angels Faith, Truth and Confidence come in their stead. Confidence in Self and Truth; in man and God; love of Truth manifested in word and deed; these will open the way. They are the good angels that "abide with us as falls the eventide," and usher in the glorious day.

Since inspiration is common, and since the degree of it determines the place of life, and since the desire determines the quality and degree; there are in these facts answers to the questions,—How shall inspiration be deepened, and what are the conditions of its manifestation? Each person can by deliberate choice, rise above his present plane of inspiration to the plane of constant thought

flow, and can make that new plane the constant one. And he can also rise to any special inspiration desired. When he shall have thus wrought his life into harmony with the soul within, he will have attained the "Gift of Wisdom." And there is only one way to do this. Poet and prophet, martyr and saint found it long ago. It is by concentration through desire.

Sincerity is the first requisite. Where reason and conscience join, there only can be true concentration. A desire for which we dare not ask the assistance of the good of earth, is one we may concentrate effort upon by will, but it is not concentration as used by mental science. Concentration requires the man's entire individuality, his moral powers as well as his intellect and his will.

Desire, singleness of purpose with determined effort of will often brings earthly success, success to unholy causes, but never happiness; for happiness, the approval of conscience is needed. In Soul Culture, the conscience must act in harmony with reason and the will. Only when the moral powers are awakened, or what is the same, only when the conscience is at peace is there any special inspiration. By inspiration, one communicates with his own spirit, possibly with that of another either in the earth or in the purely spiritual, the so-called dead, and the conditions for either species of communion is the same. Listen to Pennyson who gives the best directions possible for, not spirit, but spiritual communion:

"In vain shalt thou or any call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.
They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imagination calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience like a sea at rest."

To concentrate for wisdom; sit for a while. Intend your mind in the direction knowledge is sought. Desire that knowledge to flow into your mind from the "I am" fount; *expect* it to come. Then go about the next duty knowing that when needed in action, the knowledge will be there and it will come. Is a poem desired, is it an answer to a letter, is it advice on some business matter, is it counsel to a friend, is it a question in mathematics or mechanics? No matter what,—wait in silence, for it

will come. Do not make the mistake that you must have the knowledge before you need it to use. No. At need it is there and not before. "Take no heed what ye shall say for it shall be given you in that self-same hour what ye ought to say" by the Spirit of which you are an indivisible part, and "sufficient unto the day", is all inspiration. Know this, you cannot miss it if you trust.

"Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high
Can keep mine own away from me."

No matter what is desired, look within in trust and confidence and it will come. Hope, confidence, expectancy, faith, trust, all give opportunity for the subconscious intelligence to manifest. Cultivate these. But let it be understood that concentration is not a lazy, negative condition. In it, one is only negative to the "I am" but is a most positive one to all external things. They are shut out. It is a condition of the most perfect equilibrium of all the mental forces. Dr. H. W. Dresser says:—"Concentration is never inactivity. It is the calm self-possessed direction of well balanced powers."

Rev. F. W. Hedge long ago gave the condition for this communion. "The prime condition is sincerity, entire surrender to the will of the spirit. Truth may come to only such as seek in perfect simplicity; without pre-occupation and without conceit. Only to such does God reveal himself."

Such has been the method of mankind in all ages, from earliest Aryan priest to the latest schism among the mental scientists. There is the only one way under different names and methods; it has always been concentration in sincerity and desire. The religious call it prayer, and prayer in its highest definition is desire or aspiration. Hindoo priest and Turkish fakir, Negro voodoo and Arab sheik, Catholic saint and Protestant revivalist, Christian scientist and Faith curist, theosophist and spiritualist medium, poet and orator, draughtsman and inventor; all work in the same way. There is for all "one law, one God, one faith and one baptism;" one principle, one inspiration. Many methods but one principle.

"Before God, all are equal," we are often told. If so then for each there is equal opportunity to the fount of Life and Truth. To be ours, we must take it. The greatly inspired of our age, Emerson says:—"There is for you

at this moment an utterance as broad and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or the trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these," and he tells how to obtain this:—"Abide in the simple, noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the foreworld again."

In this faith affirm possession. Then will flow through expectancy into the conscious life the thing desired. Affirm, this is all.

Affirm truth, affirm power. Affirm that the thing desired is yours. Then go about duty. Sing with Samuel Longfellow:

"Lord, thy word abideth ever
Revelation is not sealed,
Answering unto man's endeavor
Truth and Right are still revealed.
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in my heart's deep pages
Shines today, forever new."

Affirm Truth and that is one with all goodness, and one with you; then live. act without fear, without thought of results, for to you then they must be good. Act from within, and thus develop this power until you are led by it as intuition, as the brute is led by instinct.

Keep reason for the external life. Use reason to apply the intuition to the outward conditions, but trust implicitly the inspiration of the moment. It will then grow clearer day by day. It will speak with authority. "Thus said the Lord," the "I am," and you will not desire to disobey.

Enter the closet of concentration, listen there for truth and then act openly. This is the philosophy of the ages boiled down. In this thought become receptive. Here lies the hope of seer and prophet of the world's redemption. In its application to life's expression lies the reality of their dream. In the recognition and the affirmation of it by so many today is the foregleam of the promised Heaven on earth. In the affirmation of this "I am" Truth, Christ has come again. Then,

"Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light bringers!"

.....
"O sometimes gleams upon my sight
Through present wrong eternal light;

And step by step since time began,
 I see the steady gain of man.
 Through the harsh voices of today,
 A low sweet prelude finds its way.
 Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
 A light is breaking calm and clear.
 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more,
 For olden time or holier shore;
 God's love and blessing then and there,
 Are now and here and everywhere.

Fragment of a Letter to a Discouraged Brother.

I can well understand your feelings at the present time. You long for mental rest. You are dissatisfied with your progress, which is naturally slow, almost imperceptible, and interspersed with seeming backward movements with all of us, even the best ones. Now I want you to give up the struggles of the external self by concentration and other means and rest; simply rest for a time. Fall back on the internal, Divine Self. Be still and know that *it* is God and hath power to save to the uttermost. When the hour is darkest, *it* is most near you. Give yourself wholly into *its* hands to do with you what *it* listeth. This is the proper attitude to which we must all conform when we realize the impotency of the external self to save. When we are weary and tired with the struggle we can always trust the power within to carry us onward and upward. There is a meaning in all your failures. You have trusted too much in your own individual efforts to save yourself. Your failures are to show you that the external self alone and unaided cannot save itself. It must acknowledge the higher power within which is the Christ, the true Redeemer. Cast thy burden upon this Lord. Come to him, all who are weary and heavy laden. *There* we will find rest. In order that His will, the holy higher will be done, we must give up doing the will of the external self. In order to become a Son of God, a true Medium of expression to the higher holier will, the external self must become negative and passive that it may be filled with the Divine strength, at least once a day. Most people have an idea that in order to be saved we must ourselves do great things, say long stringed prayers, go to church, make pilgrimages, forsake innocent pleasures and diversions, crucify the flesh, or practice some

very secret or occult exercise. While some of these things are good in their proper place, they will never save us. What will? Jesus answers; "Do the will of the Father." How can the lower or external self do the Father's will as long as it struggles to do its own more crude and undeveloped will? Truly our very struggles to save ourselves often hinder us from comprehending or doing the Father's will. The agitation on the surface troubles the waters so that the divine light cannot shine through.

Shall we then idly sit in some corner, do nothing and just "wait upon the Lord" to do all for us? Surely this would be going to the other extreme. We must do our part, but we must not depend on that part alone to save us. We must be both active and passive. We must work and rest. Most of us know how to work, how to do our part, but very few know how to rest and invite that divine strength which is necessary for us, to do our part well. You know what to do in the external world. "Love God and thy neighbor as thyself." This love must not be in words and belief alone, but also in deeds. You know that, and you know what to do and what not to do in order to keep this one and all-inclusive commandment of love. I need not teach you. All I care is to teach you *how* to rest. We must have certain seasons when we are spiritually resting. If we fail to indulge in this rest, we become weak, despondent, weary, discouraged and would fain give up the struggle. The best time to rest spiritually is early in the morning and just before going to sleep, because our first mental attitude in the morning largely determines our mental condition through the day, and our mental condition before we sleep determines to a large extent the mental state during sleep. Let us then have a few quiet moments mornings and evenings in which we relax and give ourselves up to the workings in us of the higher power.

The proper attitude should be: "Now I rest. I am quiet. I do absolutely nothing and will think nothing. Let the spirit have me and possess me. Let it do with me what it will. Not my, but thy will be done. Come, Divine Spirit, I am Thine. Thou healest my infirmities, mental moral and physical. Thou givest strength and good cheer, peace and rest. Let me step outside of the

small external self and lose myself in the Universal. Let the Universal power, love and wisdom possess me." We need not say so many words. They should rather be summed up in one great feeling, in one mighty aspiration or longing. This is the genuine prayer which always will be answered. It is the prayer that Jesus prayed and taught his followers. All those who thus pray will truly "follow him" and become like him. They will bear the fruits that follow them that believe, and like the Master, become true sons or Mediums of God.

Our Angel in Heaven,

or

Love the Greatest of All.

By P. Braun, Ph. D.

CHAPTER XI.

It is nearly 10 o'clock. Outside there is the gloom of night. There is already a thick layer of snow on the ground and on the roofs of the houses, and it is still falling silently and noiselessly.

A gloom of another kind reigns within Arda's little home. It is the gloom of mental agony, apprehension and sorrow. Baby Albert is very sick since 9 o'clock and Arda has sent a kind neighbor after the doctor. He has come and is now leaning over the little cradle and watching its occupant intently. Then he asks some questions while he holds the child's wrist. Arda watches him very closely. A silent horror has for sometime back attempted to force its way into her heart. Although she tried to beat it back, every time it would return. This spectre was a premonition, a fear that her child would be taken from her. Although the doctor had said nothing that might confirm her apprehension, the gloom on her mind and the pain in her heart deepened while he examined the little sufferer. At last she burst into tears. Sob after sob broke the solemn stillness of the room. The doctor rose and said kindly, but firmly: "Hush, Madam, hush; be calm for your sake and the child's sake. There is hope still. Any agitation you allow to pass over you uncontrolled will affect the child also. His weakness

makes him very sensitive to the vibrations of thought and feeling coming from those around him. If people could only understand this more generally and try to control themselves, we doctors would find it much easier to save the lives of many of our patients.

While he was yet speaking he began to measure out some powders. Then he counted out some pills and gave directions how to use them. When he had finished he said:

"Now keep up courage. Not seeing Mr. Stone, I take it for granted that he is out. It would be advisable to send for him, because his presence will cheer and sustain you. Good night." He was gone. Baby Albert's eyes were closed, but he was restless and feverish. She gave him some of the medicine. He took it mechanically and opened his eyes for a moment. The look that he gave her was not one of recognition. It was an unconscious stare which made her tremble. She laid the silver spoon with which she had administered the drug away, and sat down beside the cradle. Control her thoughts and feelings! Ah, how could she? Who can realize the depth and the intensity of feeling that possesses the heart of the mother in such an hour as this! None but the mothers who have experienced it can measure it.

She could not help thinking of Fritz with some bitterness. He had left her early in the evening when he knew that baby was not well. "Send for him!" she muttered. "The good Lord only knows where he is at this moment. May Heaven bring him home sober to-night."

Her thoughts turned back to the time when she first loved him. Had the love of her youth fled? Ah, she felt that today she could love him as of yore, if that shadow had not come between them. Nay, deep down in her heart she felt that *she did* love him as of old. Later events had only forced it back. But love must be free and go out towards its object. Forced back upon itself it consumes the heart that bids it to stay. Oh the happy days in Rome! Would they ever return? There little Albert was born and another love had entered her heart, the love of the mother. This had never suffered. Her child had become her idol. He was in her mind day and night and the care she gave him was a joy to her. Love is ev-

er thus. It always gives, and it regards the greatest sacrifice as a blessed privilege.

Since the birth of her child, Arda had never felt lonesome any more. She sang, talked, laughed and cried to him. She talked to him of her happiness, as well as her sorrows. And when the baby listened with wide open eyes she fancied that he understood it all.

Ah, how happy had she been, when her efforts to entertain him had been rewarded with his first smile! There seemed a world of sunshine and bliss in it, which never became less with repetition. Then came his first teeth. How proud she was of baby's first teeth! And every tooth that came since then was hailed with delight.

One bright morning she woke up and heard him say "Mamma." She had caught him to her breast and hugged and kissed him. Fritz had not been allowed to sleep any more that morning, but had been obliged to listen to baby's further efforts in repeating the word. Then she taught him to say "Papa," which had filled Fritz with paternal pride. Later on she experienced new delights with every new word which the baby learned and then came the day when he stood alone and learned to walk alone. Albert was a prodigy of intelligence to both her and Fritz. Fritz shared her pride in the child in his own way, and he had come to love him most truly. Perhaps he had never yet realized the full depth of that love. His first inquiries on coming home during the last year had always been for baby Albert. Whenever the child was out of sight he became restless and looked for him. With great patience he replaced the books which the busy little hands pulled out from the bookcase and strewed over the floor. When the tiny fingers made away with one of his sheets of musical manuscript, he would put the pieces together and copy them over again, only saying in apparent bad humor: "See what papa's naughty boy has done." Then when the little curly head came to rest on his knees in contrition, he would take him up and kiss him, saying: "Never mind, little pet, papa will write it over again. The little fat hands must have something to do."

Arda had witnessed this growing love of her husband for the child with pleasure. She hoped that it would compensate Fritz for her failure in finishing her educa-

tion in voice culture. She fondly dreamed that little Albert would yet be the means of removing the shadows of misunderstanding that had come between her husband and herself. She now felt that it was the first cause of his intemperance. If they could only love each other as in the days gone by, she was sure that she could induce him to leave drink alone.

Her heart had softened considerable towards him this night. She felt that she had also been at fault, and that she could forgive the erring man. What if he was right after all in his search for this strange knowledge in which she had tried to discourage him? She knew that he was very sensitive, and may be—she trembled at the thought—her frequent expressions of disapproval had been the cause of driving him away from home in search of happiness.

Ah, if she could only follow him in all that interested him! Would it be a sin to read the heretical books that Fritz was reading? Her father confessor said so, but what if self interest or the interests of the church had guided him in his condemnation of all the books except those which the church approved of? She saw non-catholics lead pure lives. Surely the truths that lighted them on their way must be good also, and what harm could come to her if she investigated a little?

These musings were not entirely devoid of results. She came to a firm resolution this evening. She would freely forgive Fritz for all past errors, and she would crave his pardon for her own mistakes. She would ask him to allow her to read some of the books which he so highly prized. She now felt that through her own unyielding attitude the gulf between her husband and herself had been widened from a little gap to a considerable breach, and she was bound to bridge it in some way. How terrible if baby should leave them with such conditions existing between them! At one time she had ignorantly assumed that the new thoughts which Fritz was absorbing were the cause of his going to the bad. Now it dawned upon her that she herself was very largely to blame. She broke out in tears and cried aloud:

“Oh, Fritz, Fritz! can you forgive me! Ah, if he would only let drink alone! He must not drink any more; I will henceforth do all in my power to keep him from it. I will

save his soul and"—after a pause—"mine."

She was quite startled to find baby awake and staring at her with a questioning look. As if he had caught the meaning of her words, and was echoing them, he repeated "Papa not dink—any more." The effort to speak ended in a coughing fit which nearly choked him. Arda raised him up and gently slapped his back to assist him. When he finally grew quiet, he seemed quite exhausted. He was looking at her in a dumb, appealing way which pierced her heart. He groaned as if he was in pain. She hurriedly gave him some more medicine which he at first refused to swallow, but obedient to her entreaties he took it. His pains seemed to increase nevertheless. At last he began to cry. She took him tenderly in her arms and carried him through the room. But his cries increased. The little fingers clutched her hands convulsively. Arda became now thoroughly frightened, and cried: "Good God, send Fritz home!"

Albert's cries grew louder and more frequent, until it became one continuous cry of "Mama, Mama, Mama!" His cries wrung her heart and she sobbed aloud. What greater agony than to see our loved ones, and particularly innocent childhood, suffer without being able to help them! Arda felt that her child's last hour on earth had come. Knowing she could not stay the little soul in its flight heavenward, she prayed in desperation as she had never prayed before: "Thou God of Heaven and earth, whom I have worshiped all my life, help thou me in my darkest hour and save my baby!"

But no answer, no ray of hope came. The heavens and the ruler thereof seemed deaf to human misery. The first great violence of her grief gradually changed to a dull, aching resignation. She felt very dimly that she must trust her God, that somehow all would be right sometime and somewhere. She walked into the open bedroom with baby in her arms still crying and knelt down before the crucifix on the shelf. "God my God," she whispered, "let this cup of suffering pass by my lips. But if I must empty it to the dregs, not my, but Thy will be done."

Was it in answer to her prayer, or did her own calmer mood affect the child? He grew quiet. She bailed this with joy but did not move from her position, for fear he

would begin crying again.

Now she heard footsteps approaching the house and the key in the outer door was turned from without. This seemed another answer to her prayer.

"Thank God, Fritz is coming home!" she thought. The outer door opened, but instead of his approaching footsteps, she heard a loud sickening thud on the floor.

"Merciful Father in Heaven," she cried, "he is drunk and has fallen." But ere she could move she heard a loud laugh in the hall and the man she called husband staggered to the door of the room, which he threw wide open. He looked all around and then shouted, "Arda, dear,—hic—where—hic—are you?"

Then he advanced toward the bedroom. While he did so he nearly fell over Albert's cradle which stood in the way. Straightening himself up he saw Arda kneeling in the bedroom. She had been unable to get up. Here was baby dying and there was her husband in an intoxicated condition. Is it any wonder that the power to move had left her for the moment!

He seemed to realize that something unusual had happened and asked: "What's—a—matter,—hic—anything wrong?"

Baby now began to cry again. This roused Arda sufficiently to rise. Seeing Fritz in this deplorable condition gave her pain at any time, but at this moment it seemed particularly cruel. Why should she spare him? "You miserable wretch," she cried, but could not proceed for nearly half a minute. Then her pent up feelings found vent in one agonizing cry, "Our baby is dying!"

The man before her swayed and staggered, then he fell. "It has killed him," she breathed awestruck. "Merciful Heaven, what shall I do?"

Then she took the baby carefully in one arm and with the other she poured some water from a pitcher which stood on the table, in the pale face of the fallen man. He gasped once or twice and opened his eyes. When he finally succeeded in rising he was trembling from head to foot. The dull, inflamed look of intoxication had vanished and he seemed to have regained his normal intelligence. He sank down on his knees before mother and child and attempted to speak. Arda stooped down hastily and kissed him.

"Nay," she said, "do not kneel before me. We should kneel only before God. I thank Heaven for this ray of hope which fills my heart even in this, our darkest hour."

He rose and staggered to a seat. He felt fearfully unnerved and weak. Baby Albert began to cry in another paroxysm of pain. The strong man burst into tears at the sound of these cries of pain. He said in imploring accents: Arda tell me what I can do. Oh do not say he is dying, not now, not to-night. Let me go for the doctor."

"Yes, husband, go. But I fear it will be of no avail. He may give you something to relieve baby of his pains."

Fritz left the house with a sad aching heart. Although the child had been ailing for sometime, he had never feared that he might die. The realization had been a shock to him, the effects of which would follow him all through his life. He found his way to the doctor, who lived only two blocks away. The physician received him kindly and listened to his statements. When Fritz had ended he said:

"I was afraid that you would come, for I saw there was no hope, but I would not enlighten the mother, because I knew the fact would dawn upon her soon enough. Now here is a vial. Give him two drops in a little water and if he does not stop crying give him two more in ten minutes." Fritz departed hastily. He shed silent tears all the way home. The thought of his dying child had crowded all memories of the day out of his mind for the time being. He pictured to himself the loneliness which would take possession of Arda and himself after the little fellow had vanished from their sight. No more childish prattle and laughter to cheer them. No more pattering footsteps to break the stillness. No more little fingers busying themselves with his books and manuscripts. He thought with a shudder that now Arda could finish her education. He reproached himself for having felt disappointed because the advent of his baby had interrupted the mother's training. He had longed for the day when she could take it up again, but he had not dreamed that it would come about in this way. "Verily" he said, "the hand of God rests heavily upon me. He has punished my iniquities." And yet, the words escaping from his anguished heart sounded strangely to him now in the light of the new truths that were dawn-

ing upon him. His conception of God had changed, but he recognized the law of sequence, of cause and effect, and he largely blamed himself for the blow which was even now descending upon himself and his wife. He asked himself if it might not have been averted if he had treated Arda with the oldtime love and kindness, and if she would not have had more strength to sustain the delicate little organism. He questioned himself how much the inharmonious conditions between himself and his wife had injured the sensitive child. Who could answer him?

The baby was still crying most piteously when he entered. He measured out two drops of the liquid which he had brought into a little water with trembling hands. The child stopped crying when he advanced towards him. The paroxysm was over. He swallowed the mixture obediently. The tired mother laid him back in his cradle. Drops of sweat had formed around his lips, eyes and forehead. Fritz noticed it with a sinking heart. He took a seat on one side of the cradle, and Arda on the other. The large, luminous eyes of the child were turned towards Fritz who held one of his little hands in his own. Presently little Albert opened his lips and said: "Papa, Papa, not dink—any—more."

Both Fritz and Arda broke down completely at these unexpected words. They both wept. After a few minutes Fritz wiped the dew from the sweet little face and kissed it reverently. "Verily" he said "the voice of God speaks through the child. May he, may you Arda, and may all creation witness my oath. Henceforth not a drop of alcoholic liquor shall pass over my lips. From now on I will be a man again."

Arda breathed forth a thankful "Amen!" and little Albert seemed to smile for a few seconds. It was a solemn hour. The little sufferer had grown very quiet under the influence of the drug, but he breathed with difficulty. He was staring into vacancy now. Once in a while he would press the fingers that held his own convulsively. Then an expression of pain would pass over his face. But these pressures were growing weaker, while his breathing grew harder and very irregular. Finally it ceased altogether. The little soul had passed to higher realms.

(To be continued.)

In the Silence.

I send a wave of love and good-will to every creature in the universe: to my friends and relatives and all persons with whom I have come in contact; especially those who have misjudged and injured me. I forgive them for they did it in ignorance. May the light of truth come to them.

To all who are suffering from pain and disease, I send the thought of health. It is Life. Spirit is youth, beauty, wholeness: it is diseaseless, deathless, changeless. There is naught but Spirit.

To those who are suffering from poverty and want, I send the thought of God's boundless opulence. Every one's Good is stored up in the unseen and awaits the demand which follows belief in its existence.

To such as are suffering from hatred, malice and uncharitableness, I send the thought of Our Father's Love, which is our life. There are no enemies, no foes, but only brothers and sisters.

I send a wave of love and good will to all animals. They are of the one Life. None of them are antagonistic to me.

The animal and vegetable Kingdoms are but the lower octaves of the highest and perfect vibration—God. Their vibrations are not discordant to me: nothing in them can antagonize me.

I am in harmony with the four elements—fire, air, earth and water: they cannot injure me. They are my willing slaves, and have no power to conquer me.

I am God's child, and all that the Father hath is mine, even the highest and best. My thought shall vibrate in unison with the richest chords, and Life, Love, Wisdom and opulence shall come to dwell with me.

Fidelia Garnet.

The New Man in St. Louis.

October 1st we shall move to St. Louis, Mo. Although there are some splendid workers in this city already, there will be plenty of work for the *New Man* and its editors. The field is a large one. We neither intend to fall in line nor interfere with the good work now going on there, we will only occupy our own humble niche in

our own way.

The work we intend to do will be one of practical helpfulness, and we invite the help of all who are drawn to us in our efforts to help men.

Our work will be, publishing *The New Man*, healing and teaching. We shall organize a society whose aim shall be a uniting of forces to help men, 1st. to overcome Poverty, Moral Weaknesses, and Diseases of all kinds. 2nd. The study and investigation of psychic phenomena.

3rd. To attain the highest goal of human perfection. All who wish to assist in this grand work are invited to call at the *New Man* home in St. Louis after October 10, by which time we expect to be fully settled.

The Master's Way.

The *New Man* will be devoted to two things only next year. First, we shall finish the story, "Our Angel in Heaven," which is just now going into its most interesting part. We shall from now on unfold that wonderful Occult Philosophy, the exposition of which is the only mission of the story. Our heroes have found no real happiness on the animal intellectual plane, and they are looking for something better. Will they find it? Just wait and see.

Secondly, we shall undertake a work of wonderful promise, the most wonderful work we have yet undertaken. It will be nothing less than a candid investigation into the life, works and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. We shall throw all the light available to us on this sublime man and his philosophy of life—mind you, LIFE! and not of death! The most esoteric part of his teaching is only hinted at in the Gospels, and only the most illuminated minds have been able to read it at all. How? Between the lines and through Inspiration.

The value of a correct understanding of the meek, lowly—yet mighty man!—can never be overestimated. We shall bring modern science, metaphysics, philosophy, mysticism, astrology, etc. to bear on the subject while trying to explain it. In approaching our theme we must lay down all prejudice which has grown out of the misinterpretations of our modern schools of theology. The edi-

tor is sure that he is entering a rich mine, and that he will unearth treasures of priceless value, which his readers may appropriate to the extent of their capabilities. He invites them to follow the man Jesus through his mystic birth, life, death and glorious resurrection in order that they may share in the sublime possibilities of such a life. It will be a labor of love, and in order that even the poorest may be able to get the *New Man* next year, we shall put down the price to 50 cents for the year 1899. All those who will subscribe during the remainder of this year will get the *New Man* for 50 cents.

Book Reviews.

Received from Lee and Shepard, Boston, Mass., Victor Serenus, a story of the Pauline Era, by Henry Wood. Cloth 1.50. A most interesting piece of fiction of which the scene is located in that very dramatic period of the world's history, the Pauline era, and through graphic character delineation deals with the thought, customs, and religious systems of that time. Its aim is to draw a true and well-proportioned picture of the actual conditions. While the historic framework is carefully preserved, there is a wide range of the fancy and imagination in the movement, and a wealth of mystical, psychical, and weird phenomena deftly woven into the fabric of the story, in which the graces of the imagination stand out with great power in plot, action, style, and purpose.

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What is Ether. What is the world of Spirit? The connecting link between the two Worlds. Spiritual Matter. The mysterious properties of Ether. Nothing dead in Nature. Matter. Force. Life. Motion. Interaction between Matter and Force. The Descent of Spirit and its Resurrection. The Christ in the Tomb. His Glorious Awakening. The Christ in all there is. Divine Power and Potency sleeping in Matter. How awakened. Harmony. Mental and Spiritual Affinities. Who is Wisest?

Who the most powerful? The Mysteries of Creation. The deep Things of God. The memory Substance of the Universe. Its reading possible by Man. Things Past, Present and Future. Converse with absent Friends and the other World. All Power is given you. Learn to use it.

Lesson II. Sensation.

Only one Power in the Universe. All have access to as much as they learn to appropriate. Man active and passive. Operator and Instrument. The Soul's coverings. Man the Image of the Universe, the Harp of a thousand strings. Every string responds to some Vibration. Sensation, Perception and Intuition. The Ego--the Divine Self. Sub Consciousness, Consciousness and Super-Consciousness. The Outer Darkness, the Light of Day, the Higher Light. The Awakening and the Development of the Senses. Attention. The Slumbering Possibilities. Man's task to develop the higher Perceptions. The Interpretation of the various Vibrations. The Psychic Sensorium. The Universal Consciousness. Our identification with it.

Lesson III. Concentration.

The dangers of learning to become passive without also learning to be positive. The Supremacy of our method. How to avoid the riffs. Concentration the key to Power. The Control of Thought force. How to overcome mental Inharmony. Matter the servant of mind. The wonders in store for us. Thought the controlling power. Man a Magnet. How to attract to yourself what you want. The Lesson which the Adepts have learned. Who attracts the most money. Desire and Self-Trust. The art may be learned by all. Astonishing Possibilities.

Lesson IV. The Passive Attitude.

The Power of stillness. The road to Inspiration and Illumination. Seeing, hearing and feeling on the Psychic Plane. The still body. Practical directions. The Psychometric Sense. Vibrations, Impressions. One with the Soul of Things. Understanding and Comprehending God's secrets. In the Secret Chamber. How to shut the Door. Strong attachments. Mastery. The Wonders of Hypnotism. The interior Realm. The opening to Spiritual Vibrations. How to still or control the Mental Activities. How to drop into the Passive Attitude.

Lesson V. Trying to See.

Although the astral body can leave the physical body, it need not do so. Limitations of the physical sight. Spiritual sight unlimited. No time nor distance to the Soul. Interior vibrations. How to become conscious of the same. Directions. The Sensorium. What prevents us from sensing or feeling higher vibrations. Concentration again. Trance and hypnosis. Death. Interior plane. Spiritual universe. Spirits now. The real master. Development or opening of clairvoyant sight. Specific Directions. How, when and where to sit. What to

do. Why beginners often fail. Advice. Another Method. Directions. Mystic light. Stone walls no barrier.

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